

Thursday Morning, March 30, 1865.

Charleston Mercury.

We are pleased to learn that the proprietor of the *Mercury*, who is now in this city, has sent out his agents, and is making preparations for the early resumption of its publication. We may hope, accordingly, soon to enjoy the perusal of that old and long-tried exponent of South Carolina politics and principles—politics and principles only the more justified in law by the experience of the last four years—only the more endeared to us by the griefs and trials we have had to endure in maintaining them.

Inhospitality and Patriotism.

We are told that a foot-sore soldier, reaching, at night fall, the dwelling of a wealthy citizen of one of our upper Districts, who is also a member of our State Senate, was denied lodgings for the night, on the plea that there was sickness in the family. We trust that the wayfarer thus denied will publish the name of this patriotic legislator. *Per contra*: from the same source we are told that a Confederate lieutenant was lodged most hospitably at a North Carolina farm-house, not far from Charlotte; that while there, an aged widow of the same precinct heard of his presence and went to see him, when she presented him with a pair of stockings for himself, thirty pair (all of her own knitting) to be distributed among the soldiers, and three dollars in silver—all the money she had. There was the right spirit, savoring of the famous old "Hornet's Nest." The inhospitality of the rich Senator would destroy any cause—the mite of the good old widow may save ours, in spite of the Senator.

GEN. MANFIELD LOVELL.—We are rejoiced to learn that Gen. Lovell has received his orders from Gen. Lee, to report immediately to Gen. Johnston for duty in the field. It was to many of us the most melancholy sight to behold these two Generals unemployed in our city—mere lookers-on in Vienna—under an enforced dispensation of an arbitrary Executive, while their services were so absolutely necessary at the head of an army. It is well for us, at last, that the urgency of the necessity compels in justice to acknowledge error, and restores to them those positions, of which it has been so long and so cruelly deprived—lucky for us, if the amendment comes not too late for our safety.

The Abolitionists in Charleston.

A letter in the New York *Tribune* shows the Abolitionists in Charleston to be in fine feather. They have had a dinner, provided by Nat. Fuller, and drank to their own delight and to the confusion of the rest of the world. They have had the satisfaction of demolishing a plaster bust of Calhoun. They have written on the walls of the *Mercury* office their nominations for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States in 1868, the names of Wendell Phillips for the former and Frederick Douglass (the mulatto) for the latter office. It is only a hop, skip and jump, now, to their radical denouement, and the progress, terminating in this result, must be quite odorous in the nostrils of the Northern gentry, if any such be left in the land. In connection with this nomination, by the way, we perceive that a full-blooded black negro has been presented to the Supreme Court as a candidate for the honors of that bar over which once presided a Marshall, and recently a Taney. How are the mighty fallen!

The same correspondent of the *Tribune* reports an amusing scene, quite dramatic and blending equally the tragic and comic, in which the venerable Mr. Laidler, late of the *Courier*, and a United States official, in epaulettes, were the actors. It appears that the official entered the *Courier* office, and requested the use of pen, ink and paper. They were promptly furnished by Mr. L., who is described as exquisitely obsequious. But, to his consternation, reading as the Yankee wrote, over his shoulder, he read the orders which declared the *Courier* to be taken possession of by the United States Government. With a shriek, he demanded:

"Do you mean to confiscate my property, sir? Why, Colonel, I was opposed to nullification in 1862!"

"That was a long time ago!" was the answer of the official, continuing to write.

Since then, we learn that whenever seen since, Mr. L. has been busy, with his account book in one hand, looking up delinquent subscribers, and a penholder stuck in the other, looking after his office.

There is little more to remark in respect to this letter in the *Tribune* from its Charleston correspondent. It is of the usual strain of pomposity and inflation—windy and gaseous exceedingly, and leaving a rather bad odor of the bar-room behind it. One thing, however, he speaks rapturously of the mulatto damsels of Charleston as the loveliest creatures of the world—far lovelier than those of New Orleans, whom he once thought to be perfect in their swart and oriental style of beauty. Such are his raptures, we may take for granted that a

rapid progress will soon be made in miscegenation. We shall need to look closely to the columns of the *Courier*, for the list of bridals between the two races, with a copious detail of the marriage gifts, the *trousseau*, and full description of the costumes, a *Panthéon* et *Barbarie*.

Sauce for the Goose.

The British Government has recognized the Imperial Government in Mexico, *avowedly* because the war was over in that country, and all resistance to the French had ceased. It was necessary to plead this pretence, to do that, in behalf of the French, which the British refused to do in behalf of our Confederacy. A member of the British Parliament, however, in commenting on the Queen's speech, quietly disposes of this plea, by showing that the Republicans of Mexico are fighting as fiercely now as ever, have never ceased fighting, and recently have obtained very decided successes. John Bull's pretenses are sometimes rather dimsy; and strutting the goose, while neglecting the gander, his policy betrays the equivocal character of his honesty. But what does Bull care about character more than his Cousin-German Jonathan?

Runners still reach us tending to confirm the report of Johnston's successes against Sherman, of the rout of the latter, his flight, and the demoralization of his army. We trust that, in a few days, the official telegrams will confirm the grateful tidings.

CONVERSERS.—We are told that, among the most blatant of the conversers to Yankee rule and principles in Charleston, Mr. Seymour, an ancient lawyer and sometime Representative from that ilk, has shown himself as eloquent under the *strigosa* and in their behalf, as he ever was in the courts of *ple-poudre*. Blessings on his innocent heart and musical tongue! He manages the stops of the flute, as if under the directions of Lord Hamlet, and will play his tunes in consonance with those of the Vicar of Bray. By-the-way, what does Tom Moore say of Orator Puff, and will it not apply?

"Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice," &c. Seymour was always able to say more on either side than any of his brother lawyers, and many of them had a large and accommodating faculty of this nature. But, alas! words, words, words! *Vox et præterea nihil*. Still, it answers the purpose. Where the moral lacks, the sense is better wanting.